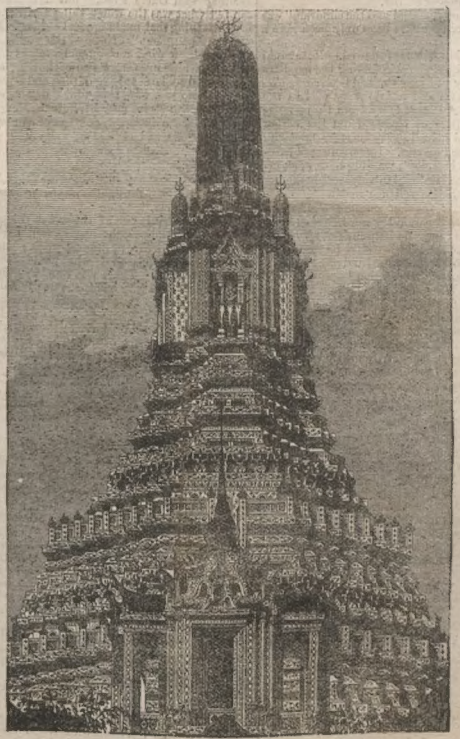
NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVI., No. 3. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1881. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

A PAGODA AT BANGKOK, SIAM.

There are more than a hundred temples and pagodas in the city of Bangkok, some of which are small and plain, but some are grand almost beyond description. They are ornamented with statues and gilded in the richest manner. The floor of the principal one is covered with mats of silver, and contains relics that are considered of fabulous worth and are worshipped by thousands. One temple contains a jasper statue of Buddha; one contains an immense statue and ancient idol, 167 feet high, in the human form. The toes of this idol are three feet long, and the whole idol is covered with gold. This great idol has a magnificent temple erected and maintained expressly for it. It is a place where millions have bowed down and worshipped, and where multitudes still worship.



A SIAMESE PAGODA.

HYGROMETERS.

Do not let any one who sees this somewhat out-of-the-way name imagine it is anything very dreadful. It is merely that of an instrument for measuring the moisture in the atmosphere.

Every boy has seen the chalet-like "weather-house," where one might suppose the clerk of the unreliable elements to reside, and which is certainly tenanted by a gay old lady, who comes out when the sun shines, and a military gentleman who, disregarding catarrh, parades in front of the domicile whenever there is a rain-cloud in the sky. In this case the figures are held on a kind of lever sustained by catgut: this, being very sensitive to moisture, twists and shortens on damp days, and untwists and lengthens as the air becomes dry and light.

A simple hygrometer can be made by a piece of catgut and a straw. The catgut, twisted, is put through a hole in a dial, in which a straw is also placed. In dry weather the catgut curls up, in damp it relaxes, and so the straw is turned either to the one side or the other. Straws do not only "show which way the wind blows," you see!

Another simple weather-gauge may be made by stretching whipcord or catgut over five pulleys. To the lower end of the string a small weight is attached, and this rises and falls by the side of a graduated scale, as the moisture or dryness of the air shortens or lengthens the string.

Again, whipcord, well dried, may be hung against a wainscot, a small plummet affixed to it, and a line drawn at the precise spot it falls to. This will be found to rise before rain, and fall when the prospect brightens.

Another device is to take a clean, unpainted strip of pine—say twenty inches long, one wide, and a quarter of an inch thick—cut across the grain; then have a piece of cedar of the same size, but cut along the grain. Let these be glued together and set upright in a stand.

Before a rainfall the pores of the pine will absorb moisture, and swell until the whole forms a bow; this will gradually straighten on the approach of fine weather.

There are two forms in which a balance is used that are interesting, from the natural laws that govern their motions. In one a dry sponge, that has been saturated in salt and water, is nicely balanced against a small weight at the opposite end. The sponge becomes heavier or lighter according to the presence or absence of moisture, and any variation in this respect may be noted on the gauge above, to which the centre index-finger prints.—*Boy's Own Paper.*

SHOULD TIRED PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH?

Many of those who stay at home all day Sunday because they are tired make a great mistake; they are much more weary on Sunday nights than they would have been had they gone to church at least once; as the time must often drag heavily on Sunday for the lack of something to do and to think about; and the consciousness of having spent the day unprofitably must sometimes add mental disturbance and dissatisfaction to the languor that follows idleness.

Moreover, these tired people would often find refreshment for their minds and their hearts in the quiet services of the church. They would secure by means of them a change of mental atmosphere, and the suggestion of thoughts and motives and sentiments which are out of the range of their work. For a hard-working mechanic or salesman, or housekeeper, or teacher, this diversion of the thought to other than the customary themes, might be the most restful way of spending a portion of the day of rest.

We happen to know of several cases in which this prescription has been used with excellent results. Those who want to stay at home because they were too tired on Sunday to go to church, have been induced to try the experiment of seeking rest, for their souls as well as their bodies, in the sanctuary, for a small part of every Sunday; and they testify that they have found what they sought; that the observance has proved a refreshment rather than a weariness, and that their Sundays never gave them so much good rest when they stayed at home, as they have given them since they formed the habit of church-going.—*Good Company.*

LOVE'S PORTRAIT IN THE THIRTEENTH OF CORINTHIANS.

One might have expected that when Love sat to have her portrait taken, the grateful task should have been assigned to the Apostle John, who was able to appreciate her peculiar character and charms, as the one from whose lips came the saying, "God is love; and he that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God, and God in him." And who better fitted to sketch a living likeness of her than the great draughtsman of the Apocalypse? It is from the pencil, however, not of John but of Paul that the portrait comes. Is this without a meaning and purpose? Had John been left to speak of the excellence of love, and Paul of the excellence of faith, might it not have been thought and said that each magnified the special grace that he specially possessed, or specially admired? As it is, it gives to this eulogium of Christian love—this enshrining of her in a kind of solitary, unapproached pre-eminence—all the greater interest and effect, that it comes from that one of all the apostles who has done most to exalt another Christian grace—faith. If it be by Paul rather than by John that love is elevated above faith, we may be all the surer that the exaltation is correct.—*Dr. Hanna.*

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance but direction, which thou canst not see."

Pope's lines are singularly illustrated in the case of a merchant of New Milford, Conn. As he was about to step into his carriage in front of a store, his horse raised a foot with the evident intention of planting it firmly in a puddle underneath. The gentleman, having on a good suit of clothes, and not caring to soil them, dashed into the nearest door, which happened to lead into an insurance agent's office. The agent said: "I suppose you have come to renew the insurance on your store which expires to-day." "I had forgotten it," said the merchant, "and should like you to attend to it." He then drove off and took the train for Bridgeport. On returning the next day he learned that his store had been burnt down in the fire which swept one side of the street.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Temperance Department.

JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &c.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*)

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

JOE'S HOME.

Mollie had not been long in bed when the wind began to sweep wildly round the house; the sky grew darker, and darker until all was blackness without and within. Then came the roar of the thunder, the wild flashing of the lightning, and the strong torrents of driving rain.

Kate closed the windows and the door, lighted her small lamp, and drew her trembling little boy to her side. Her Joe he was, and she loved and even admired him. To others he was a small, sickly-looking lad, with a pale, earnest face, and a thin mouth as tightly shut as if he had no teeth to keep it from falling in.

Joe was afraid of everything, dogs and tramps, wind and lightning, but most of all, of his father. This was the great fear from which all others had sprung. It seemed as if the sight in his early childhood, of his father in his wild sprees, had cast a cloud over his young life, and made him tremble almost before his own shadow. Joe was a coward in one sense, and yet he had a little hero's heart in him. For his mother's sake he would have braved what he dreaded most—his angry, half-drunken father. Now in the midst of his fright he clung close to his mother, and tried to think of something to say to comfort her, for he well knew what anxiety was preying on her mind.

"Father'll be coming home soon," he whispered; "the lightning will show him the way. He'd turn back before he got to the toll-gate."

At this moment there was a loud knocking at the door, and the sound of some one calling without. Joe sprang from his mother's side, and straightened himself up, as if he were ready and able to protect her. He had hardly touched the latch of the door, when some one came in with a bound.

It was not the slow step of his father when sober, or the lumbering, stumbling movement poor little Joe dreaded the most.

A figure, looking like the wild, glad spirit of the storm, stood in the middle of the room, the water dripping from cap, hair, and clothes, as if they had been dipped in the river.

"What do you want here?" said Joe, in his fiercest manner, as he looked round for a weapon.

To his eyes, the stranger seemed to carry a rod big enough to chastise a whole schoolful of boys like himself, and to be dangerous even for his mother.

"I want to get out of the storm, giant," said a merry young voice; "may I stay in your castle till the rain is over?"

The stranger took off his cap, and said politely to Kate Barber, "You must excuse me for rushing in upon you as I did. I was so glad to get to a place of shelter, that I hardly thought what I was about. I have been making for your light, for the last quarter of an hour, and thought I should never reach it, stumbling along in the field there. I've been fishing, and did not notice the storm until it broke upon me. Can I stop here awhile, till it is over?"

"Certainly," said Kate Barber kindly. "It is a poor place but you are welcome. I am sorry we have no fire for you to dry your clothes."

"Then you can't cook my fish for me. I've a lot of them here; they would make a splendid supper," and with pride, the tall, happy-faced boy showed the full basket of trout, the result of his day's sport.

Joe looked at the fish admiringly, and up at the bright eyes of the fisherman, until the half-fierce, half-fearful look was quite gone out of his little face.

"May I have some supper, giant?" said the stranger, with a playful look at Joe. "Can you give me some bread and butter? I am hungry enough to swallow you whole, if you don't behave yourself."

Kate brought the piece of a loaf left from their evening meal, and said kindly, "We have no butter, but perhaps you could eat a bit of cheese."

"Cheese! That's splendid," said the boy. "I haven't had any cheese this age."

The broken loaf was soon consumed. "Now, some more, giant; may I have some more?" said the hungry visitor.

Joe looked at his mother.

"We have no more bread in the house, I mean to bake in the morning," said Kate politely.

"Well, bring me anything you have," said the boy; "I am not particular—cold meat, anything; I believe I could eat a cold potato, if I had some salt with it."

Kate blushed a little as she said, "We have nothing else in the house; I am very sorry."

The merry boy looked at the tall, gaunt woman, and the thin, timid-looking boy, then glanced round the bare room, and was silent.

Hungry he was truly; hungry enough to have enjoyed the plainest fare, but these poor people's hunger, it was plain, was no stranger to them, and he had eaten their last mouthful. No wonder the little boy had looked on wistfully, as the bit of bread and cheese disappeared!

The guest felt for his portemonnaie. Of course it was not in his pocket; he had left it at home, when he put on his fishing suit. He could not even pay for the shelter and food he had claimed almost as a right.

"Do you live here alone, my good woman?" said the stranger kindly.

"With my husband and the children," was the quiet reply; "we have only been here a week."

A long, long silence followed. Kate could have told how she was finding the hand-to-mouth way of living she had been accustomed to in town did not do very well in the country. A loaf of bread from the baker's; a little butter or cheese from the corner grocery had helped her before through many a scant time like this. Her own small earnings, too, a half-day's washing here, or cleaning there, had brought in a little ready money now and then, a reliance in time of need. She had not thought enough about the difficulties that would try her in this lonely home. There was no help for poverty here. She had but thought it would be well to go anywhere to keep her husband out of temptation. Out of temptation? Where was he now? When, and how, would he come back to his family?

The storm continued to rage without, and Kate said at last, "If you would take off your wet coat, and lie down there on the settee, I could cover you over with a blanket, and perhaps you could sleep there till morning. Young folks can sleep almost anywhere when they are tired."

"Thank you, I believe I'm half asleep now," said the boy. "Is your husband at home?" he ventured to add, glancing toward the inner room.

"There's only Mollie in there," was the answer. "My husband may not be home to-night, but I shall sit up and wait for him."

"What sort of a husband must this be?" thought the young stranger and, as he questioned and wondered, he laid aside his coat, and threw himself down on the wooden "settee."

"Won't your mother be worried about you?" said little Joe, as he saw these preparations.

"I haven't any mother, giant," said the fisherman; "I wish I had."

"Then I'm richer than you are," said Joe, and he kissed his mother's brown hand, as if she had been a queen.

"Joe is a queer little fellow, not like other boys," said Kate as an apology. "Come Joe, you must go to bed too, it's very late."

"Come here before you go, giant," said the tired visitor; "I want to whisper to you. You be good to your mother, and take care of her, and I'll help you, and we'll see if we can't manage to always have some bread in this house. Is that a bargain, giant?"

Joe patted the arm of the stranger, and nodded his head knowingly, then whispered, "Really and truly?"

"Yes, really and truly. My name is Ben White, and Ben White always keeps his word. Ben White and the giant will go into business together, and we'll see what we can do. Now, good-night; I am awfully sleepy."

Joe bade him good-night, and walked to the bed-room door, as straight as an officer.

As for Ben White, he fell into as sound a sleep as if he had been in his own pretty room at home.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHAIN-GANG.

Uncle Fred sat in his easy chair with all the children about him; Dot on his knee, Belle and Harry on the arms of the chair, and even tall Walter sprawling on the rug before the fire. Such wonderful tales as he was telling them of the long ocean voyage that had bronzed his whole face like an Indian's, and of the strange lands that he had seen in his travels.

They were talking of California, and the children were trying to fancy how it would seem to eat strawberries in December, or gather from the fields great sheaves of Easter lilies, taller than Dot.

"I mean to go there when I am a man," said Harry; "That's the country to live in, where you can raise such fruit, and have flowers the year round."

"What was the very best thing you saw, Uncle Fred?" asked Belle.

"How can he tell?" said Walter; "if a man was half starved, the best thing he could see would be a good dinner, and if he was tired to death, I suppose he would rather see a shanty, where he could rest, than the Yosemite Valley."

"There's a good deal of truth in that, Walter," said Uncle Fred, "but I think I can tell what was the worst thing I saw; at least the thing that made me feel saddest. It was the chain-gang." None of the younger children knew what a chain-gang might be, and Dot's blue eyes were full of horror, as Uncle Fred told of the gang of men and boys, chained two and two, that toiled day after day, upon the street near his hotel. Never unchained for a moment, at work or at rest, to eat or sleep, and several of them with a heavy ball attached to a chain dragging from their ankles.

"I don't know as I pity them so much," said Walter, "they brought it on themselves, breaking the laws."

"Yes, and that is one of the worst things about it: that they might just as well have been free men, living by honest work; and they themselves chose to do what made them worse than slaves. There was one boy only eighteen years old who had spent nearly half his life in prisons. It seems a strange choice to make."

"I suppose," said Harry, "they don't think about that part of it. They expect to steal and do bad things and not get caught."

"O, no; of course they don't intend to be caught. It would be odd enough if a boy should spend his time in making a ball and chain, and fastening it upon himself, just for the sake of belonging to this chain-gang."

"Nobody would do that," said Harry.

"You may think so," said Uncle Fred, "but boys have been known to do that very thing; in fact, I have often seen it done."

"Fasten chains on their feet," exclaimed Belle in astonishment.

"Yes," said Uncle Frod; "it was done in this city last year; it has been done about every year since I can remember. There is more than one man in this city dragging about a ball and chain that he took the greatest pains to fasten upon himself when he was a boy."

Dot and Harry looked at uncle Fred to see if he were perfectly sober, but Walter turned uneasily on the rug and muttered: "Pooh! I know Uncle Fred would get in a sermon."

"Some of them spent the money that would have bought books and clothes in buying stuff to make the chain of. When they first put it on it hurt badly and made them sick, but they persevered till they learned to walk about and drag the heavy ball just as the rest of the chain-gang did.

"I dare say some of them would be very glad now to get rid of it, but when it is once fastened on it is no easy matter to cut it off."

"What foolish boys," said Dot, shaking her head.

"There goes one now," said Uncle Fred, and the children rushed to the window, but instead of a man dragging an iron ball along the sidewalk, they only saw Tom Canby in his new winter suit, with a long cigar in his mouth.

"I don't see any chain," began Dot, but Belle exclaimed with great disapproval:

"Why, Tom Canby is smoking."

"Most all the fellows smoke," said Walter.

"Then," said Uncle Fred, "most all the fellows are spending their time and money to fasten upon themselves a ball and chain that they will have to drag after them all their lives. Every bad habit and every foolish habit is a weight to hinder us. Good habits are wings to help us on, bad habits are fetters to hold us back. Which are you going to have for your journey?"

"I'll have wings," said Belle; but Walter said:

"There's no hurt in smoking."

"Is there any good in it, my boy? Suppose we agree that it does not hurt you; do you think it is good policy to take pains to fasten upon yourselves a habit which is expensive to your pocket, disagreeable to the majority of your friends, and of no possible use to you?"

Walter drew up his long legs, and rested his chin on his knees, but did not answer.

"Let's be honest now, Walter. Suppose it was something else besides cigars; say onions, raw onions, and a set of fellows had started the fashion of carrying them around in their pockets, and eating say three or four a day, until your clothes and your hair and your breath were so scented that you carried the odor everywhere, and fairly filled the streets and the depots and the cars with it."

"Faugh!" said Belle with a shiver of disgust.

"And then, to make the case more parallel, suppose only gentlemen ate them, so that all the ladies must endure the perfume, and that the onions cost from five to twenty-five cents apiece, and made you deathly sick when you first began to use them, what would you call a boy who, against the wishes of his best friends, was trying to acquire the habit of eating them?"

"A fool," said Walter emphatically.

"So I say; and if we put it just on that ground, and say nothing about the mischief the habit is sure to do him, it seems to me a sensible boy needs no other argument. And so I say again, that every bad habit, and every foolish habit, is a ball and chain to keep us from running or climbing. Good habits are like wings, to help us to mount up; and when a boy has a chance to choose, he must be very short-sighted to spend his time in fastening a weight upon his own feet. I might say a good deal more about it. I might tell you that the ball, even if it is very small at first, grows heavier every year, and that it is pretty sure to pick up something else as it is dragged about; but I'm sure none of you have any ambition to join the chain-gang."

"I choose wings," said Belle again, and Walter nodded at Uncle Fred, and added:

"At least I'll not have that ball and chain." The children didn't quite understand, but Uncle Fred and Walter did.—*Emily Huntington Miller, in The Morning.*

EFFECTS OF SMOKING ON THE HEART.—Some years ago (*Gazette Obstetricale*) M. Decaisne drew attention to the fact that tobacco-smoking often causes an intermittent pulse. Out of eighty-one great smokers examined, twenty-three presented an intermittent pulse, independent of any cardiac lesion. This intermittency disappeared when the habit of smoking was abandoned. He also studied the effects of smoking on children from nine to fifteen years of age, and found that it undoubtedly caused palpitation, intermittent pulse, and chloroanæmia. The children, furthermore, became dull, lazy, and predisposed to the use of alcoholic drinks. Recently he reported to the Societe d'hygiene the results of his observations on the effects of smoking on women. Since 1865 he has met with and observed forty-three female smokers. Most of them suffered from disturbances of menstruation and digestion, and presented very marked intermittency of the pulse without any lesion of the heart. He gave detailed accounts of these eight cases, in which all treatment directed against the intermittency proved utterly useless, while the suppression of tobacco was invariably followed by improvement, and very often by complete disappearance of the phenomenon.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, presiding at the weekly Saturday evening concert given by the Glasgow Abstainers' Union, has warmly commended the "transcendental virtue" of total abstinence.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MAKE YOUR CHILDREN RELIABLE BY TRUSTING THEM.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Those parents who most keenly feel their responsibilities are in danger of watching their children too closely. It is surprising how early in a child's life this surveillance becomes a source of annoyance and irritation, through the first instinctive emotion of self-respect, and how soon the little ones learn to be sly and deceive, hoping in that way to escape this watchfulness if possible. They conceal their childish sayings and doings if they are led to feel that they are suspected of something wrong. If they are unable to understand what it is, they at least realize that their parents do not trust their honor. They may not be quite able to put their annoyances from this cause into words; but let this idea creep into a young child's mind, and his perceptions grow old fast. Nothing so soon develops the evil most feared as this overwatchfulness.

Teach a child while yet little that father and mother are inclined to commit some small matters to its care, and without the least show of doubt or fear that the little one will fail; and those parents who perhaps have forgotten in some degree the spirit of their own baby days will scarcely be able to realize the happiness this trust has bestowed. The importance of the trust will, of course, be gauged by the age of the child. Begin this teaching early. Take care that the small pupil is not taxed beyond its capacity, but let it distinctly understand that the parent is in earnest, and fully believes that the commission will not be neglected. None can estimate how this event in a child's life will be fixed in the young mind—the first time it feels that its parents have turned to it with loving confidence for the performance of some little duties, and that they have trusted to its honor. Nothing so clearly awakens self-respect as the feeling of responsibility which comes with the knowledge that they are trusted; and the care and faithfulness which even the youngest understands will be necessary to execute the work to the parents' satisfaction are good seed sown, which in later years will bear good fruit, and amply repay all the trouble it may have cost to prepare the soil for its reception.

That such teaching is not the easiest of all maternal duties every mother knows full well, and all would much rather do the work than be subject to the tediousness and annoyance of drilling a child. But this is the mother's mission, not wisely delegated to another.

First show a child precisely how to do certain things. Perhaps the lesson must be often repeated before it is done well; but after some trials begin by leaving those little chores for it to do alone when the mother is not near. The more trivial the better at first. For instance, say to the little two-year-old: "Mamma must go out a few minutes, but she does not like to leave the nursery in such disorder. Will not my little man pick up all the blocks and the playthings he is not using, and put them away just as mamma likes to see them? And Jennie also will, I know, fold her doll's clothes just as I have shown her, and lay them neatly in the drawer when her play is over. I am sure this room will look very nice when mamma returns."

If the training is begun early, it soon becomes easy for little folks to do many things well. How proud and happy these miniature men and women feel when they have this token of their mother's confidence in their ability to care for such things as she intrusts to them! and of course it will be often necessary to be a little short-sighted, and to pass over a few items that will bear improvement; but don't point them out at once. Let the mistakes or defects wait. Appear pleased with the first effort. It will be time enough when the next trial is made to say, "I think I would fold this little dress so," or, "I would put these books here just so." But give as much sweet approval and praise as is judicious to gladden and encourage them in every effort. Gentle hints may be interspersed with all the approval consistent with truth, and it will not be long before the mother will find her little prattlers quite competent to take a large share in keeping their playroom and bedrooms in creditable order. But if these lessons are not begun early and made pleasant, children will have acquired the habit of being waited upon, and will learn to prefer it to helping themselves.

Each year, as a child can bear it, the importance of the trust and responsibility may be increased. If the labor is accepted as a love-offering, to save "mother's" time and strength, there will soon be found willing hands and happy hearts, ready at all hours to lighten the labor and save many weary steps, while at the same time the young are learning a lesson that will do them good all through life. To prevent these little duties from becoming wearisome as the child matures, vary the lessons by changing often the nature of the trust. Try some small thing that will tax the taste or judgment a little. Send the child out to buy something of no great importance, so that if any mistake is made no harm will follow, yet still important enough for the child to feel the necessity of care and thought in selecting. This will soon teach them to exercise discrimination and judgment in small things, and prepare the way to exercise these gifts in larger matters.

An expedition of this kind rises before me as one of the brightest of childhood memories. It was a time of much sickness both at home and in the neighborhood. Mother was ill, the elder children either on the sick-list or absent. It was necessary to have "supplies" from the "shire town," twelve miles distant, where most of the important shopping in former days was done, and foreign groceries purchased. The chaise was at the door, and father, ready to start on the journey, was making out the list of items by mother's bedside, when he was summoned in great haste to see a patient.

Here was a dilemma! The purchases must be made; the patient must be cared for. What was to be done? In the south hall door I was playing with the baby, so near the sick-room I could not fail to hear the consultation between father and mother. He must go to his patient, but who could be sent for the articles so much needed?

The "tailoress" would be on hand in the morning, and the cloth must be ready for her work. A tailoress was an important character in those days. If we lost our turn there would be weeks to wait before we could secure her again. That would never do. "The boys" must have their clothes ready to return to college, and there could be no delay about them, anyhow. I heard the hurried talk in a kind of dreamy wonder as to how they could settle the troublesome question, but, as one who had no personal interest in the matter, went on with my frolic with the baby, when mother said, "Make out a list, give full directions, and send by E——."

What a bound my heart gave! I nearly dropped the baby. I, not twelve years old, and mother thought I could be trusted with such a big thing. I felt half a head taller, only to think that my mother—bless her!—thought I might be trusted. Whether it was decided that I should go or not was just then a secondary consideration. Yet I was wide awake to catch father's reply.

"Send that child! What does she know of buying anything? And, Lucy, this is a very important errand."

Ah, then my heart collapsed. I didn't quite want to go—the work seemed so great—but I did want father to think me as trustworthy and capable as mother did.

"Yes, if you think it safe for her to drive so far alone, I think you may trust her to do the errand well. The merchants and grocers are old friends, and will not take advantage of the child."

"Well, it's the only way left for us," said father, with an anxious, dissatisfied tone, and the great responsibility was committed to my care.

It is vain to try to give the thoughts that surged through my young brain in that long ride to town, or how anxious I was on the return ride lest I had forgotten something, or made some ill-advised purchase. But under all the anxiety and excitement was a dull pain, remembering as I did that father was not quite ready to trust me. This pain didn't leave me until, safe at home, all the purchases laid out and examined, he drew me to his knee, close by mother's sick-bed, and kissing me, said, "Well done, my brave girl! Hasn't she done well, mother?"

How much good that day's work, with the confidence given, did me in after-years, giving me all needed courage when duties seemed too hard for me, I can never estimate; but the most precious of all was the thought of my mother's trust and father's approbation.

It is only by such trust and teaching that children can be taught to find pleasure in labor, or in important cares. Exact labor of children as a duty, sternly command, watch with constant fault-finding and suspicion, and labor becomes drudgery, and care of any kind a terror to the young. The child either becomes stubborn, or if timid and loving is so nervously afraid of being blamed, that this very fear leads to prevarication and deceit.

Ah! if young mothers knew how many hours of self-reproach their mothers pass as they look back to the time when they had their little ones about them, recalling how many mistakes they made by overstrictness and lack of confidence, it might save the young mothers much after-regret, and their children from yielding to many temptations. —*Harper's Bazar.*

KILLING THEMSELVES WITH WORK

Many a husband has said, "Do not ask my wife to do anything for the church, or the missionary society, or the temperance cause; she has enough to do at home—she is killing herself with work as it is," and he tells the truth.

But if the husband would look a little closer into matters, he would find that his wife was killing herself with over-work that was ruining his children, cursing the world and blighting the church; that she was sacrificing all to fashion and show.

Month after month, and year after year, the worldly women of the church toil on for the personal adornment of themselves and their children, till heart and flesh fail, and an untimely grave covers them out of our sight. "Martyrs to fashion," would be the most truthful and fitting epitaph that could be put upon their tombstones.

Many a professedly Christian mother has wrapped her enfeebled infant in embroidered muslin and flannels, into which her child's life-blood has been stitched.

In many a professedly Christian home, the first lesson a child learns is how to dress in the prevailing style. It leaves its cradle admiring its fine clothes, and suffers hours of torture with curling-papers and crimping-pins, before it has learned to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

It is not surprising that the tender twig, bent worldward from the very first, should turn from the church to the opera, the theatre and the ball room.

When we look about, we are grieved to find that so few of the young men and women reared in the church are loving, working Christians.—*Mother's Magazine.*

A MINIATURE OAK.

Winter gardening, or the idea of having living, growing plants around us during the dreary months, seems a happy one. The means are simple and easy of practice to almost every one. Children as well as older people can find delight in thus making home pleasant. Here is a way of having within our own doors an oak tree, which, though in miniature, well preserves the marks of its parentage.

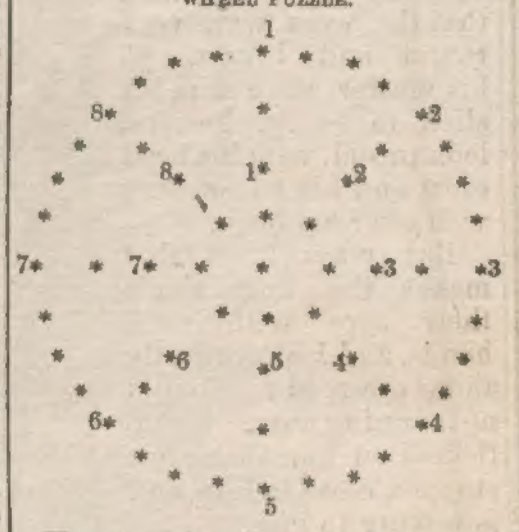
To do so, we must have a wide-mouthed bottle and a large, round acorn. The acorn must have a string run through cross-ways, not lengthwise, and be placed apex downward about in the middle of the bottle. Water should now be poured in to submerge the point of the acorn about an eighth of an inch. The reason the acorn is hung point downward is that it has been found in practice that if the base is submerged it will soon begin to decay and the germ perish. Whatever loss of water there is by evaporation may be replenished, so that it shall stand all the time at the same height. The string holding the acorn should be tied at opposite sides of the bottle, and when the germ appears, one end should be loosened, so that the sprout may raise itself erect. A radicle or long root will soon appear, which will grow downward into the water and settle at the bottom of the bottle. A card with a hole in the centre of it can be fitted into the mouth of the bottle, through which the stem of the plant will pass. Thus may be reared in a moderately warm room a family tree, which, though not large enough to shield a whole generation, may still serve to delight the children and interest the older ones as well. —*Cor. Vick's Magazine.*

OATMEAL.—Give the children oatmeal at least once a day. It is genuine bone and muscle food, and they must thrive. Could our girls make the morning and night meals on real nourishment, not pastry, take more to nourish the brain and nerves, we should have less of the neuralgia among our women. Indeed this oatmeal mush would afford ample food for the last meal, which should ordinarily be the lightest, simple and easy of digestion, securing good sleep, while it may well form a part of the morning meal. Its extensive use would do much to promote health among us.—*Exchange.*

GARGLE FOR SCARLATINA SORE THROAT.—One of the best gargles for the sore throat which often occurs in scarlatina is ice water. More than twenty-five years' experience of a hydropathic physician in its use confirms this opinion. If the child is too young to gargle the throat itself, then take, instead of ice water, lime water and spray the throat with an ordinary instrument used for this purpose, and an ice cold cloth over the throat high up under the chin instead.—*Herald of Health.*

PUZZLES.

WHEEL PUZZLE.



The circumference is formed of eight words of five letters each: 1. Rust. 2. To clean. 3. To weaken. 4. A garment. 5. A pain. 6. Slices of meat. 7. A bundle. 8. Released.

There are eight spokes: 1. (From circumference to centre) A fluid. 2. To make known. 3. cold. 4. To judge. 5. A sound. 6. A stop. 7. Meat. 8. A garment.

CHARADE.

From the East the wise men came.
In that time so long ago,
Guided to their journey's end
By first so high, with light so low.

My second is a word
That joins my first and third.
Place of blessed sanctity,
Place of blessed peace;
Here was born the Saviour
Whose power will never cease,
The light of my whole for ages
Has spread o'er all the world,
Its darts are everlasting,
'Gainst evil they are hurled.

WORD SQUARE.

1. The mother of a wild race.
2. A nephew of David.
3. A grandson of Esau.
4. One of the Nethinim, or temple servants who returned to Jerusalem with Zerubbabel. Mentioned in the Apocrypha.—1. Esdras.
5. Samuel's birth and burial-place.

NINE NOTED MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Your friend Tom had his foot near a rat-trap and sprung it. The company were horrified at the sound; he looked as if he had committed a great sin. Ai asked him if he wore No. nine boots? Our new help is G—a high-flier, truly. Has been at the sea-shore; but, like Tom, O'Riah does not like quiet life. More of Gottleb anon—though I may say he is fond of music; arm, elbow and foot movement show that fact.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JAN. 15.

Ten Writers of Fiction:—Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, Hawthorne, Bronte, Cooper, Goldsmith, Sterne, Trollope, Edgeworth.

Underground Rivers.—1, Ohio. 2, Indus. 3, Saco. 4, Severn. 5, Albany. 6, Orange. 7, Lena. 8, Seine.

Charade.—Hasten.

Word Change.—Orange, range, organ, groan, roan, arno, oran, nora, ora.

Decapitations.—Fox, s-hark, s-leek, c-ape, j-ay.

Charade.—Mandate.

ONLY BUTTONS!

CHAPTER I.

'Come on, Tom! do be quick!' shouted one boy.

'Don't keep us waiting till Christmas!'

'We shall go on without you!' called a third.

'Oh *do* come on!' cried a fourth.

The boys stood staring at the little figure in the distance. It was quaint, thick-set, very short and stout; and the little dog that was racing round, and on all sides, was truly no beauty, with its short body and clumsy head, and a mouth showing three crooked teeth. Further, his name was 'Buttons,' so it will be easy to understand that the eyes were very round and bright. As his master gave him his stick to carry, he did look proud, with his head erect and his tail curling well over his back.

But what is it that makes the boys shade their eyes with their hands, and look earnestly along the road? Tom is not running now. A gentleman on horseback has stopped close to him, and is talking to him.

'What can he be saying to Tom?' said Fred.

'Hush!' whispers long-eared John, as if he hoped to overhear something. But the wind is in the wrong direction.

'There's no good hushing a fellow,' answers Fred, crossly. 'I shall go and meet Tom.'

Following Fred's example, they all trooped slowly down the road to meet Tom, who, no longer running as before, walked as if he were considering something very important; and his little dog, squeezed tightly in his arms, looked up in his face, as if wondering what made his master so serious.

'Well, Tom,' said Fred, impatiently, 'what did the old gentleman say to you?'

'He wasn't old at all,' answered Tom.

'Come now, never mind that,' said John, 'tell us, what did he talk about all that long time?'

'It wasn't a long time at all,' said Tom; 'it seemed to me he was gone in a minute.'

'Oh, bother your minutes! cannot you tell us what he said?' asked Fred. 'I am sure I could tell a thing quickly if a fellow wanted to know.'

'Well!' said Tom, deliberately, 'he said, if ever I wanted a sovereign I was to come to him.'

'Whew!' exclaimed all the boys in one breath, and for a moment the news was so astounding that they could say nothing.

'Oh, Tom, how very jolly! Of course you'll go to him and get it, and then you can buy us a new set of cricket things!' shouted Fred, looking scornfully at a very old bat he held in his hand. 'That will be jolly! Then we shall be able to challenge the Moreton eleven. I know they've just got a new set.'

'What nonsense you talk, Fred!' said Tom, gravely. 'I have not got the sovereign; and, what is more, I don't mean to get it,' and he squeezed his little dog tighter than ever.

If Buttons could have understood, he would have licked his master's hand very heartily; but as it was he did not quite like being squeezed so tightly, while his temper not being of the very best quality, he resented it with a little growl, and then dashed wildly off after a hedge-sparrow.

Tom's speech caused immense surprise; it made even reserved John wake up as he pulled Tom's sleeve. 'You must be dreaming, Tom; think, there are twenty whole shillings in a sovereign!'

'Why it would buy us cakes enough to last us a fortnight,' said one greedy fellow.

'Oh, what a lot of story-books it would buy,' sighed William, as he thought of his well-worn *Masterman Ready*.

Jim, pale and silent, said nothing. What would a sovereign not do for him? No wonder he was silent, for a crowd of thoughts were surging up in his mind.

'But,' began John, who always liked to get at the bottom of everything, 'you have not told us why the gentleman promised you a sovereign.'

Here Fred broke in,—

'As long as Tom has the sovereign, I don't care how he gets it; nor does any one, I'm sure. And it's getting very late,' added he impatiently; 'so if we don't begin at once, we shall have no time for our game.'

'Well,' said Tom, 'to begin at the beginning, the gentleman stopped his horse and said, "What a funny little dog that is of yours! Can he do any tricks?"

'I answered, "Just a few, sir. He can beg, and ask for anything he wants; he is very sharp and quick at learning!"

'"I suppose you would not part with him?" he asked next; "because I want a nice, sharp, little dog, and I don't mind his being ugly."

'Poor Buttons, he thought you ugly,' and Tom looked affectionately at the little snub nose, as Buttons returned from his chase.

'I said I was very fond of him, and would not part with him for anything. "Not even for a sovereign?" he asked, and I said, "No, sir."

'Then he said something about my being a very true friend, or some such nonsense; and afterward added, "Well, if ever you want a sovereign, bring your little dog to me; I live close to Melcombe, over the hills, and any one will show you Major Brown's house."

'Then he rode on, and I could have told him beforehand it was only wasting time stopping to talk to me. I wouldn't part with Buttons, not for anything—not for twenty sovereigns. Would I, Buttons?' And Buttons' round eyes answered 'No!'

There was a pause, and then, each boy having made up his mind, spoke it out, in what was a confused babel of voices; but only one verdict amongst them—'Sell Buttons, Tom!'

Silent Jim was the only boy who did not give his opinion on the subject: he would give anything to have a sovereign, and he did not know what it was to possess a pet dog.

Meanwhile the game of cricket proceeded. Buttons was regarded by them all with far greater respect than heretofore; nay, he was even forgiven when he seized the cricket-ball and held it firmly in his teeth. Such is the power of twenty shillings.

Its enemies call Cricklade a village; its friends call it a town. It boasts of a Mayor and Corporation, of a School, and a High Street, and a Broad Street; and lastly, though they ought to have headed the list, a beautiful church and an old ruined castle, which were a great attraction to tourists in summer weather.

The houses were of various degrees—some high, some low, some with door-knockers, and some without.

Tom's mother lived in a house with a knocker, while Jim's mother had only a poor little thin, shrunken do or without a knocker; and though it seems a small matter, there is something important in the fact.

A knocker means that within you will find a parlor—a room set apart for grand occasions—

"BUTTONS" AFTER A BIRD.

with a round shining table, strewn with mats, and shells, and ornaments; perhaps a basket of wax flowers under a glass case in the centre; it means that you will be shown into this apartment by a little maid, who is on such occasions called from the back regions by her mistress; it means—well! a great many more small particulars; and, at all events, it means that Tom's mother was a well-to-do person, and that Tom had never known what it was to go without his dinner, nor to want anything very much that he did not get.

Whereas, in Jim's case, the want of a knocker meant the want of a great many things. Their only sitting-room, the kitchen, could boast of no furniture except a table, which was very shaky, some broken-down benches, and an old chest; there was a three-cornered cupboard close to the fire-place; and Jim's blackbird in an old wicker cage near the window.

You can imagine what the inmates of this house were like: the mother worn with care and starvation, the little sister a cripple, the father without work, and Jim, poor Jim! his white face answered for him. And so it comes, that in most cases one judges of one's neighbors even by their doors.

Each of those boys thought about that sovereign as they went home that evening, except, perhaps, Fred, who had got as far as the new cricket things and the next match with the Moreton fellows

'Mother,' said Jim, 'a sovereign would buy a lot of things, wouldn't it?'

'That it would!' she said, and her thoughts went back to the last time she had possessed a sovereign—a very long way back.

'If I had a sovereign, I should go off to Bristol and make my fortune, mother,' continued he; 'that would be better than spending it all at once, wouldn't it?'

'I don't know,' she answered. 'I think I should try and get Susan to the hospital. The doctor says her leg might get well, as it is, it only gets worse every day.

'Oh, if only I had a sovereign!' sighed Jim, and he sat back in his chair, shutting his eyes, overpowered by the thought of how many things he could do with it.

The sound of men's voices, angrily disputing and quarrelling, made him start. He jumped up, took Susie in his arms, and rushed out of the back-door; not, however, before he could hear some of his father's harsh words and something about 'that nursery-maid of a boy, who never earns a penny.'

He knew it all very well, and his face became whiter still, with a hard, fixed look in it, till Susie burst out crying, and said—

'Don't look like that, Jim; you frighten me so!'

He had quite forgotten her presence, and when she spoke his face brightened again, and he carried her out into the garden to watch the stars twinkle, till she became sleepy.

(*To be continued.*)

"MOTHER! A SOVEREIGN WOULD BUY A LOT OF THINGS."

THE IMPOSTOR OUTWITTED.

When Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was regent of England, in the minority of Henry VI., there came to St Alban's, which was then the residence of the Court, a blind beggar and his wife. For several days they walked about the town, asking alms, and telling a plausible tale of his being warned in a dream to leave the town of Berwick, the place of his nativity, and seek St Alban's. This had a wonderful effect upon the minds of the people, who in those days were immersed in idolatry and superstition; and the priests eagerly employed it as a handle to work upon their credulity. Great solemnity was used in presenting the man before the shrine of the saint, and multitudes assembled to witness the issue; when instantly he received his sight, to the astonishment of all the beholders.

This miracle being noised abroad, far and near came flocking to town, and happy were they who obtained admittance to the person who had been blessed with so signal a mark of favor. The affair was universally mentioned with such an air of confidence, that at length the king desired that the beggar might be brought before him; and the duke undertook to examine into the truth of it, for his Majesty's satisfaction. In order to this, he looked upon the man's eyes, who asked him whether he ever had his sight before.

The beggar protested that he was born blind, and that till the day of his presentment before the holy shrine he had never beheld the light. This account was confirmed by the man's wife. The duke then looked more attentively at his eyes, and said he believed him, "for friends," added his royal highness, "I hardly think you can see now." The man lifted up his eyes with great devotion, and declared he could see distinctly.

"You can?" rejoined the duke. "Then what color is this garment?" The beggar told him, and upon repeated questions of the same nature, his answer was still ready. The duke then asked him if he could tell the name of every person present. His answer was that he could not.

"Here, then," cried his royal highness, "take this impostor away, and let him be openly set in the stocks; for though he might have been suddenly restored to his sight, so as to distinguish the difference of colors, yet he could no more tell the names of these colors by sight, unless he had known them before, than he could the name of every man here present."
—*Selected.*

ATTENDING TO DUTIES.

It is a question whether we can fairly or honorably plead that we have no time to attend to duties. Our pleasures may be crowded out, our plans for advancement or money-getting may not find sufficient time for their fulfilment, but when we have not time to fulfil the duties to others, which our place in life demands, there is something wrong. Either we are doing too much needless work, or we are trying to do work that justly belongs to others.

It is told of Philip of Macedon, that a poor old woman came to his palace many times in vain to ask redress for wrongs that had been done. After many attempts, she at last obtained an audience with the king only to be rebuffed by him, as she had been by his attendants.

"I am not at leisure to hear you," he replied, abruptly, when she began her story.

"No?" was her exclamation; "then you are not at leisure to be king."

This view of the matter quite confounded the king. A few moments he thought upon it in silence. Then he told the woman to go on with her case, heard her to the end, and then gave order that those who had wronged her should be punished, and restitution made to her. And ever after this he made it a point to listen to all applications brought before him.—*Church and Home.*

The Family Circle.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth in the battle of Life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out, and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where two worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful grace,
Be quick, or another may take your place
And you may be left behind.

There is work to do by the way, by boy,
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plough, adze, spindle and pen;
Work for the hands and the brain.

The Serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil, in robes as fair
As the holiest angels in heaven wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, breast-plate, and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield,
In the cause of Right and Truth.

And go to the Battle of Life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod;
And before high heaven, do the best you can
For the great reward, for the good of man,
For the Kingdom and Crown of God.

—*Little Sower.*

THE GOLDEN GEESE.

I.

"I wish I had a goose that laid golden eggs!" said Norah, throwing down her book, and clasping her hands energetically.

"Don't talk nonsense!" said the mother.

"What wouldst do with the gold, lass?" said the father.

"I would buy myself a white frock, and a blue sash, and a hat like the squire's daughter; a silk gown for mother, and a coat with a velvet collar for you to wear on Sundays, father."

"That would take only part of a golden egg," returned the father. "Go on, lass, and then we shall know all thee wants."

Norah drew closer to her father, and looked gravely up in his face.

"A donkey-cart for mother to go to market in, a carpet for the room, curtains for the windows, lots of beautiful flowers and fruit in the garden, and nothing to do. I should sell the eggs, and get so much money that you never need do any more work."

"Thank thee, lass, thank thee; it sounds very grand. Wife, dost hear what Norah is going to give us?"

"Aye, if wishes were horses beggars would ride!" returned the mother. "I wonder at thee, father, for encouraging the lass in her folly. Come, Norah, get the table ready for supper, the lads will be in from the fields before long, and they'll be hungry enough, I dare say."

Scarcely had she spoken when the gate swung open, and the two lads appeared, one of them carrying something very carefully in his hat.

"A present for you, Norah! Guess what it is in three guesses. Now!"

Norah sprang forward. "Is it a bird?"

"No."

"One of Mrs. Lovell's plum-cakes?"

"No."

"A goose's egg, perhaps," said the father, laughing.

"Oh, you shouldn't have spoken!" said Tom. "I wanted Norah to guess. But it's not one egg. Farmer Lovell has sent her six eggs; and he says if she will get the old hen to sit upon them she will have six as fine young goslings as need to be."

"Why, Norah, you're in luck," said the father; "and it will be hard, if out of six geese there should not be one to lay golden eggs for us."

"Golden eggs!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"Ah, lad, thee dost not know all the fine things that are coming to us," returned the father, laughing; whilst Norah's cheek's grew red, and the mother said, "Father's making fun, lad."

II.

The old hen sat upon the eggs, and in due time the goslings straggled forth, and Norah began to build castles in the air. She did not expect that any of the birds would lay golden eggs—she knew that could only happen in fairy tales—but she looked forward to the time when her geese would sell for at least seven-and-sixpence each, which would be two pounds five shillings, which, in Norah's eyes, seemed a little fortune.

And the goslings grew and grew, and became fine fat geese; and Norah lost sight of the golden eggs in the interest she took in the living creatures, who were so tame and so sensible. For as to thinking that geese are stupid, that is all a mistake, as people find who have much to do with them.

III.

One sunny afternoon Norah sat knitting by the river side, whilst her geese were swimming and diving to their hearts' content, when Farmer Lovell passed by. Norah jumped up.

"Aren't they beauties?" said she, pointing to her geese. "I can never thank you enough for them."

"Make a good use of them," said the farmer, patting her on the shoulder; "but that I'm sure you will do; the daughter of a good father and mother need not be told that." And he went his way. And Norah fell to thinking of what he had said, and as she did so the visions of blue and pink ribbons, and stylish hats, vanished away, and a sudden sense of the responsibility of having possessions of her own began to press upon her.

"I think the geese are making me wise," said she, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"Then they will be golden geese," answered a voice at her side.

"Oh, father! Did you hear what I was saying?"

"Only a bit of it."

"It's a great thing to have property," said Norah, "and to know what to do with it. It makes one feel older, and it's a weight as well as a pleasure."

"Why, lass," said her father, "the geese have taught thee a lesson thy mother and I failed to teach thee!"

IV.

The older and fatter the geese grew the more important Norah felt. She and Tom had many consultations as Martinmas drew nigh, and at length it was decided that the time had come for the geese to be sold.

"I'm sorry to part with them, Tom, but they must go. I must have the money."

"What for?"

But Norah screwed up her mouth and shook her head. She had her own plans, but she was not going to tell them.

"I wonder if they would bring seven shillings a-piece," said she.

"Here's Farmer Lovell coming, may-be he can tell us."

"I don't like to ask him," answered Norah.

But Farmer Lovell anticipated the question, for his first words were, "Well, Norah, if you're willing to sell your geese I've got a good customer for you."

Norah looked up, her eyes half filled with tears, for now that it came to the point, she found that she was really very fond of her geese.

"Eight shillings each," continued Farmer Lovell; "it's a high price, and, though poultry's dear, you are not likely to get such an offer again."

"She'll sell them," said Tom.

"Let your sister speak for herself."

"Yes, thank you; I have made up my mind to sell them," said Norah, "and I'm much obliged to you for——" And here Norah burst out crying.

"What a queer girl you are!" said Tom.

But Farmer Lovell patted her on the shoulders, saying, "I understand, child, and I'll send for them to-night."

That evening the geese had an extra feed of green meat from Norah's hand, an extra pat on the head for good-bye; and when Norah went to bed at night she put her two pounds eight shillings under her pillow, and cried herself to sleep.

"What will she do with it?" asked Tom.

"You'll surely not let her spend it all as she pleases," said the mother.

"Leave her alone," said the father; "the golden geese have been talking to her." The mother lifted up her hands, but said nothing.

V.

The next morning Norah came down to breakfast pale and quiet, and ate her bread and milk in silence, and when her brothers had gone off to work, she sat down beside her father, and asked, "What's the fare to Cloverdale?"

"Cloverdale! What put Cloverdale into thy head, lass! Art going to be a traveller? Let me see, third class would be about ten shillings, I fancy."

"Ten shillings there and ten shillings back, and ten more would be thirty. Father, I want you to go to Cloverdale, and bring grandmother to see us all."

The father gave a start. "What put that in thy thoughts, lass?"

"Grandmother said in her letter she should like to see you once again before she died; and as I minded the geese down by the river I thought of Joseph in the land of Egypt, and how his old father longed to see him; but I knew that you could not afford to send for grandmother as Joseph sent for Jacob; and then all at once it came to me that the geese would manage it for us."

The father was silent for a while; but he drew Norah closer to him and kissed her; then he spoke. "Dost hear the lass, mother? Wasn't I right? And haven't the geese been as good as if they'd laid golden eggs for her?"

"Better," replied the mother. "Thou art a good lass, my daughter, and thy father shall go and satisfy the desire of his heart—to see his mother again in the land of the living. It will do us more good than if thou couldst buy a dozen silk gowns and fine coats."

VI.

And the father went, and the grandmother came; and as they sat round the blazing fire, full of happiness and joy, no heart was lighter and happier than Norah's; and when her grandmother laid her hand upon her head, and said, fondly, "Bless thee, my child, for this great happiness; the remembrance of thy good deed will return to thee again and again, like refreshing waters!" Norah felt as if one of the patriarchs had pronounced a blessing.

"Amen!" said the father. "The golden geese have done their work well!"—*Jean Boncœur, in Little Folks.*

HENRY OBOOKIAH.

The people of the Sandwich Islands are now known as a Christian nation sending their own missionaries to the heathen of Micronesia. But sixty years ago they were themselves savages and idol-worshippers, who had received nothing from civilized lands but the sins of wicked sailors, whose ships touched their shores. Their idols were hideous and ridiculous, as you may see by this engraving of one of the specimens which are kept as curiosities at the Missionary House in Boston. Christian people knew little about the islanders till there landed in New York, in 1809, a Sandwich Island boy named Obookiah. This boy's parents and brother had been killed before his eyes, in one of the native wars, and he was left sad and lonely. When an American captain asked him if he would like to come to this country on board his vessel, he gladly said yes. Our young people have, perhaps, hardly heard the name of Obookiah, which was a household word to their grandparents. They ought to know, and we will tell them, the short story of his life, for it was one of the first things in our missionary history.

Obookiah was about seventeen years old when he came here, an untaught boy, clumsy, dull, and heavy-looking. But the captain took him to his New Haven home, and soon after he was found weeping on the steps of one of the buildings of Yale College. "Why are you crying?" asked a kind gentleman. "Because there is no one to teach me," answered Obookiah. He was immediately taken into a Christian family, and eagerly began to study. After a few months Mr. Samuel J. Mills, who was then full of missionary zeal, invited him to his father's house at Torringford, Conn. There Obookiah went, and there he was taught to work as well as study. He made surprising improvement, and soon wrote to a New Haven friend: "You know I came one morning to your room in college, and you tell me read. You say what c-a-p spell? Then I say c-a-p pig. I spell four syllables now, and I say 'What is the chief end of man.'"

In 1811 Obookiah went to Andover, Mass., and there, as he said, "My wicked heart begin to see a little about the divine things, but the more I see to it, the more it appear to be impenetrability." Yet when a friend prayed with him one day, and said before they rose

HAWAIIAN WAR-GOD, KAILI.

from their knees, "You may pray too," Obookiah uttered these words: "Great and eternal God, make heaven, make earth, make everything—have mercy on me, make me understand the Bible, make me good. Great God have mercy on Thomas, make him good, make Thomas and me go back to Hawaii, tell folks in Hawaii no more pray to stone god. Make some good man go with me to Hawaii, tell folks in Hawaii about heaven, about hell. God make all people good everywhere," and he closed with: "Our Father which art in heaven." Still he afterward said that, at this time, he wanted to get religion into his head more than into his heart. "Sometimes when good people talked with me on this subject, I was but just hate to hear it."

In 1812 Obookiah spent several months at Hollis, N. H., and he wrote: "I thought now with myself that I have a change of heart. It was so if I mistake not. For the Lord Jesus did appear as the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely, and his mercy appeared to be welcome to a sinner as I." He returned to Torringford, and there a friend asked: "How does your own heart appear to you?" "Oh, black, very black," he replied. "But you hope you have a new heart; how did it appear before it was changed?" "Mud," he said; "all mud." He now grew rapidly in wisdom and in grace. "I seeked," he said, "for the Lord Jesus a long time, and found him not. But still I do think that I have found him on my knees. Everything grows very clear to my own view. Oh, what happy hours that I had in the night-season! I thought before that religion was a hard thing to get it; making many excuses for pray-hour, and kept putting it off. But this kind of feeling led me far beyond all happiness. I cannot help think about heaven. I go in a meadow, work at the hay my hands, but my thought no there. In heaven all time, then I very happy." He began to talk of returning to Hawaii to preach the gospel to his poor countrymen. "Suppose your countrymen should kill you?" said some one. "If that be the will of God, I am ready, I am ready," answered Obookiah. After this he went on studying in various places. His industry was remarkable. With the help of a friend he tried to reduce his own language, which had never been written, and was a mere chaos of sounds, to writing, and "made a

kind of spelling-book, dictionary, and grammar." He kept a diary, and wrote a history of his past life. They show a bright mind and a loving heart, and are full of penitence for sin and joy in Christ. In 1815 he was received to the church in Torringford. He asked beforehand that he might speak a few words to the people at the time of his admission. Mr. Mills, the pastor, readily said yes, but forgot it when the time came. At night Obookiah, who was now called Henry, came to Mr. Mills with a broken heart, and said: "You no let me speak, sir; I sorry." Mr. Mills was much affected, and asked: "What did you wish to say, Henry?" "I want to ask the people, what they all waiting for, they live in gospel land hear all about salvation; God ready; Christ ready; all ready—why they don't come and follow Christ."

In 1816 a school was started in Cornwall, Conn., for the education of heathen youth who had come to this country. It was thought from Obookiah's case that they might be there trained to become helpers in the Foreign Missionary work. The experiment was tried under the care of the American Board. Some of the pupils were Chinese, some Greeks; there were many Indians and several Sandwich Islanders. Obookiah went with a friend on a tour through Massachusetts to collect funds for the maintenance of the school. He was now about twenty-three years old. All the old dull look had gone from his bright, intelligent face. He was nearly six feet in height, and his manners were animated and graceful. He was a living answer to the great objection made in those days to Foreign Missions. Here, before the eyes of everybody, was an ignorant heathen transformed into a wise, loving and faithful Christian. It seemed as if he were to be the best of missionaries to his race. But he was to help them only through others, whose interest he aroused in their needs. In February of 1819 he was taken sick of a fever and after several weeks of suffering, he died. The lady who had charge of him said it was one of the best and happiest times of her life. Obookiah was patient, and even cheerful. After a suffering night, the lady said: "You are glad of the morning after a dark, distressing night." "Oh," he replied, "some light in the night, some light of God." Once his eyes seemed fixed as if on a delightful object, and when questioned about it, he said: "Oh, I can't tell you all; it is Jesus Christ." As he grew worse, it was hard to give up the hope of preaching Jesus in Hawaii. "But God will do right," he said, bursting into a flood of tears. "It is no matter where we die. Let God do as he pleases." At the last he bade his friends farewell, and with a heavenly smile, such as those who watched him had never seen before, he fell asleep in Jesus.

The Cornwall school was kept up only till 1826. It proved wiser to train teachers from among the heathen in their own lands. But the life of Obookiah and of the school were not in vain. They were the immediate occasion of the wonderful mission to the Sandwich Islands which was begun in 1820, and was closed in 1863, because it had become a Christian land.—*Miss Herald.*

A BRAHMIN'S TESTIMONY.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, of the Arcot Mission in India, gives the following incident:—

At the close of one of his Bible lectures, a Brahmin, one of the most cultured in the place (not a convert), arose and asked permission to say a few words. In a neat address he urged upon his fellow-citizens the importance of availing themselves of the advantages offered for their intellectual and moral advancement, and in conclusion gave the following remarkable testimony to the Christian Scriptures:—

Behold the mango tree on yonder roadside. Its fruit is approaching ripeness. Bears it that fruit for itself or its own profit? From the moment the first ripe fruits turn their yellow sides toward the morning sun until the last mango is pelted off it is assailed with showers of sticks and stoned from boys and men, and every passer-by, until it stands bereft of leaves, with branches knocked off, bleeding from many a broken twig, and piles of stones underneath, and the clubs and sticks lodged in its boughs, are the only trophies of its joyous crop of fruit. Is it discouraged? Does it cease to bear fruit? Does it say, if I am barren, no one will pelt me, and I shall live in peace? Not at all. The next season, the budding leaves, the beauteous flowers, the tender fruit again appear. Again it is pelted and broken, and wounded, but goes on bearing, and children's children pelt its branches and enjoy its fruit.

That is a type of these missionaries. I have watched them well, and have seen what they are. What do they come to this country for? What tempts them to leave their parents, friends, and country, and come to this, to them an unhealthy climate? Is it for gain or for profit that they come? Some of our country clerks in government offices receive more salary than they. Is it for the sake of an easy life? See how they work, and then tell me. No; they seek, like the mango tree, to bear fruit for the benefit of others, and this, too, though treated with contumely and abuse from those they are benefiting.

Now, what makes them do all this for us? It is their Bible! I have looked into it a good deal at one time and another, in the different languages I chance to know. It is just the same in all languages. The Bible! there is nothing to compare with it in all our sacred books for goodness and purity, holiness and love, and for motives of action.

Where did the English-speaking people get all their intelligence, and energy, and cleverness, and power? It is their Bible that gives it to them. And now they bring it to us and say, "This is what raised us. Take it, and raise yourselves!" They do not force it upon us, as the Mohammedans did their Koran, but they bring it in love and translate it into our languages, and lay it before us and say, "Look at it, read it, examine it, and see if it is not good."

Of one thing I am convinced—do what we will, oppose it as we may—it is the Christian's Bible that will, sooner or later, work the regeneration of this land.

Marvellous has been the effect of Christianity in the moral moulding and levening of Europe. I am not a Christian. I do not accept the cardinal tenets of Christianity as they concern man in the next world: but I accept Christian ethics in their entirety. I have the highest admiration for them.—*Word and Work.*

HOW TO MAKE A CHURCH HOME.

(From Paper by Susan Cheuery, in Christian Union.)

"Such ideas about dress seem like devices of the adversary to keep people out of the churches," returned Ruth. "It refreshes me to see handsomely dressed people at church, and I always feel that I am the equal of any one in the house in that respect, because my plainer and less expensive clothing is adapted to me and my means."

"But after all, Ruth," said Olive, "when we have actually rigged ourselves to our own tolerable satisfaction, and really get to the house of worship with our bracelets on, you know we are utterly ignored. If by mistake we are put into a good pew, the occupants elevate their noses and draw away so that we are pretty careful not to get into that place again."

"I have heard girls talk like that," responded Ruth; "they are usually ill-bred persons, who express what they imagine must be the feeling of people with greater possession than their own. I have also heard others speak as if they were disappointed at not being made pets of immediately among the wealthiest people of a church where they have been a few times. So far as I know, the women of most wealth have also the most duties in home, society and church; and there is no one of them, nor of those possessed of more moderate means, who has not in all these departments so much to plan and execute that the common daily labor of a working girl is, compared with it, ease itself. A girl who will come trying to find a home among them according to the methods in operation can easily succeed; but unless she is willing to take a step or two herself, whether she goes or stays will probably be a matter of pure accident.

"But here's my case; who is to blame that I don't know anybody after a year's constant attendance?" enquired Olive.

"I don't know," said Ruth; "have you been a member of that church all the time?"

"No; I have never taken a letter from here yet," Olive replied.

"Have you been in the Sunday-school?"

"Yes, I have regularly attended a Bible class of a hundred or more members."

"Now let me tell you just how I do, Olive. When I go to a strange city I make it my business for the first few Sundays to go around to the different churches of my denomination. I go to the regular service of each, and also visit each Sunday-school; for there is the only church work where I can assist. I select that place where I gain most from the sermons, and where, so far as I can see, I shall find people whom I can work with best. It is almost wholly a matter of personal taste. Then I at once present my letter from the last place where I have belonged. I join a Bible class, and tell the superintendent of the Sunday-school that I will try to be prepared on any Sunday as a substitute when one is needed to supply an absent teacher's place. With the work and acquaintance which always grow out of such a course, and my work of the week, I am as busy and as happy as I can be. Speaking of people's feeling "above us," my judgment and feelings have most frequently led me to churches with a large proportion of members who had wealth and culture, but the spirit you speak of has never extended itself to me. In a large church there are a great many whom I of course never meet, but so far as my associations extend they are always of the most agreeable and friendly nature."

"But I don't know what work I could do," said Olive; "I haven't the ability nor love for teaching that you have."

"I should suppose your musical talent might be most gratefully accepted in almost any Sunday-school. With all the musical practice there is nowadays it very rarely happens that one is found capable of playing a piano or cabinet organ so as to be of any help in the singing of the Sunday-school or the smaller meetings of the church. The work frequently falls heavily upon one, and a substitute would many times be invaluable."

"That's true," answered Olive; "I have been annoyed many times at the playing of nervous young substitutes, and have longed to take the instrument in hand myself."

"Why don't you tell the superintendent you will play when there is no one else?"

"I never thought of doing so, but I don't know why I should not."

"But, most important of all, why don't you take a letter from the home church here? You will probably be away from it most of the time."

WHAT NOT TO DO FOR SICK PEOPLE.

Don't make a fuss. Don't bustle, don't fidget, don't prognosticate. Don't hold consultations in or about the patient's room, recounting all your own and your neighbor's experiences in what you suppose to have been like cases. Don't meddle and advise and experiment. We all need a great deal more letting alone than we get, and when we are sick it is one of our prime needs. If mortuary lists were honestly tabulated we should find that more people have been bored to death than have died from neglect. The pest of the sick-room is the inevitable friend who drops in to "cheer up" the patient, the glistening eyes and flushed cheeks which such ministrations evoke being hailed as evidence of success by the well-meaning persecutor.

Don't tease the patient with questions about food or drink, but present the proper quantity at suitable intervals; and if one article is found to be disagreeable, quietly substitute another without remark. Don't think, because the patient declines nourishment, that it becomes less necessary to administer it. By quiet, firm, methodical persistence in presenting food at stated periods, objections will become feebler and cease, in self-defence. Solid food need not be insisted upon unless by special direction of the physician, but milk and beef-tea should never be omitted.

Don't shut out the pure air and sunshine. The physician will exercise his skill in vain if wholesome food, pure air and peace do not abet his efforts.—*Home Guardian.*

THE RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE of Sunday is a main prop of the religious character of the country. From a moral, social, and physical point of view the observance of Sunday is a duty of absolute consequence. Believing in the authority of the Lord's day as a religious institution, I must as a matter of course desire the recognition of that authority by others. But over and above this, I have myself in the course of a laborious life signally experienced both its mental and its physical benefits. I can hardly overstate its value in this view, and for the interest of the workingmen of this country alike in these and in other yet higher respects, there is nothing I more anxiously desire than that they should more and more highly appreciate the Christian day of rest.—*Gladstone.*

Question Corner.—No. 3.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

25. What is the meaning of the word Bible?
26. In what language was the Old Testament written?
27. Name the historical books of the Old Testament besides the Pentateuch.
28. Which are the poetical books of the Old Testament?
29. Which are the prophetical books of the Old Testament; and which are the greater and lesser prophets?
30. What is the Septuagint?
31. What Saxon king translated portions of the Old Testament, and was at work on the Psalms when he died?
32. What two rivers of the garden of Eden are mentioned but once in the Bible?
33. What river besides the Euphrates is mentioned in connection with God's covenant with Abraham?
34. Under the reign of what king was silver as plentiful as stones in Jerusalem?
35. What king while intoxicated was killed by his servant?
36. What king built Samaria, and after whom was the city named?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A city to which the angel of the Lord directed Philip when on his way to Jerusalem where he baptized the Ethiopian eunuch.
2. A town on the west side of the Jordan where John baptized.
3. The birthplace of the apostle Paul.
4. A celebrated mountain on the border of Idumea where Aaron was buried.
5. A mountain in Arabia where Moses was in communion with God forty days and forty nights, "and did neither eat bread nor drink water."
6. A village in Palestine where our Lord on the evening of His resurrection made Himself known to two of His disciples in the breaking of bread.
7. A mountain on which Solomon built the temple, and on which Abraham was directed to offer up his son for a burnt-offering.
8. A mountain on which the ark containing Noah and his family rested after the flood.
9. One of the summits of the mountains of Abarim which overlooked the whole length and breadth of the promised land, and where Moses died.
10. A mountain where Joshua built an altar unto the Lord, and "wrote upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses in the presence of the children of Israel."

These initials compose the name of a garden where our Redeemer spent that memorable night of sorrow on which He was betrayed.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 1.

1. Joseph, Gen. xxxix. 5.
2. The Queen of Sheba, 1 Kings x. 1, 10.
3. An understanding heart to judge the people and to discern between good and bad, 1 Kings iii. 9.
4. Stephen, Acts vii. 58.
5. For his murderers, Acts vii. 60.
6. Christ prayed, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do, Luke xxiii. 34.
7. Absalom, 2 Sam. xviii. 18.
8. Jephthah, Judges vi. 30, 39.
9. David, 2 Sam. i. 17, 27.
10. 2 Sam. xxiii. 1, 7.
11. John the Baptist.
12. David, 2 Sam. xxiii. 1.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Philippi. 2, Antioch. 3, Laodicean. 4, Egypt. 5, Sychar. 6, Tarsus. 7, Italy. 8, Nain. 9, Ephesus.—*Palestine.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 1.—Alexandra Dickie, 12 ac; Cora May McIntire, 12 ac; Walter McClive, 12 ac; Kate Wismer, 12; A. E. Pattison, 12; Alma McCulloch 12 ac; Herbert C. Swim, 12; Herbert W. Hewitt, 11; Anna M. Syreen, 11 ac; Peering Kennie, 11 ac; Edward Phoenix, 11; Frederick J. Priest, 11; J. E. Bayne, 10 ac; Alice B. Sneath, 10; Emma Gass, 10; J. C. Dawson, 9 ac; Kate Mills, 9; Samuel Mitchell, 5.

To No. 24.—Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Maud and Edith Robinson, 12 ac; Edward Phoenix, 12; William C. Wickham, 12; R. M. Grindley, 11 ac.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-school Union.

LESSON VI.

FEB. 6.] [About 8. A. D.

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

Luke 2: 40-52.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 49-52.

40. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.

41. Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year to the feast of the passover.

42. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

43. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

44 But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey, and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

46 And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

47 And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

48 And when they saw him, they were amazed, and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

49 And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?

50 And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

51 And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

52 And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.—Luke 2: 40.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ was truly human.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—From what chapter was last lesson?—About whom?—How old was Jesus?—Why in the temple?—Location of Temple?—Prophecy concerning Christ?—What was said to Mary about a sword?—What aged woman prophesied?

NOTES.—THE CHILD, After the visit of the wise men and the return from Egypt, all the gospels are silent concerning the childhood, youth and early manhood of Jesus, until the baptism at the age of thirty, excepting Luke, who permits us to catch this beautiful picture of the boyhood of Jesus. Only one other possible hint is given concerning this obscure period and that also by Luke, who in chap. 4: 16, speaking of his return to Nazareth after his active ministry had commenced says, "and, as his custom was he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." Our lesson gives us the only glimpse of nearly thirty years of the Saviour's life.—FEAST OF THE PASSOVER, the first of the three great annual Jewish feasts. It commemorated the last night in Egypt when the angel of the Lord "passed over" the blood sprinkled houses. It typified the atonement of our Lord; see Exod. 12.—TEMPLE, on Mount Moriah, built by Solomon, rebuilt by Zerubbabel; present temple was the work of Herod, and was destroyed by Titus.—DAY'S JOURNEY, no particular distance, but we may regard it as meaning from 25 to 30 miles.—NAZARETH, 66 miles north of Jerusalem, 14 from the sea of Galilee; first mentioned in connection with Jesus; it was his home for 30 years; it was held in disrepute by the Jews; it has a population at the present time of 5,000 or 6,000.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) A BOY'S JOURNEY. (II.) A BOY'S WISDOM. (III.) A BOY'S OBEDIENCE.

I. A BOY'S JOURNEY.—(40-45.) WAXED STRONG IN SPIRIT, in understanding; FILLED WITH WISDOM, learned as other children learn; GRACE, gracious in manner, words, and acts; Jesus was thoroughly a child, but a holy, sinless child; strong, active, robust, healthy, growing, wise, gracious, obedient; WENT, as the law required; TWELVE YEARS OLD, the age when Jewish boys became "sons of the law," Jesus must now go to the feast in obedience to the law; RETURNED, started for Nazareth; TARRIED BEHIND, deeply interested in the rites of the temple; KNEW NOT, they trusted his wisdom; THE COMPANY, caravans often numbered many hundreds; several millions attended this feast; DAY'S JOURNEY, see Notes; KINSFOLK, ETC., friends and neighbors.

II. A BOY'S WISDOM.—(46-50.) AFTER THREE DAYS, one departing, one returning, one searching in the city; DOCTORS, teachers of the law; HEARING—ASKING, a listener and learner, not teacher or "disputer"; ASTONISHED, wondered, Jesus had doubtless studied the law at home; AMAZED, stood speechless at the scene before them; SON, a gentle, tender rebuke; SORROWING, anxiously. HOW IS IT, first recorded words of Jesus; WIST, knew; BUSINESS, "in the things or affairs of my Father."—Lange.

III. A BOY'S OBEDIENCE.—(51, 52.) WENT WITH THEM, obedient to their wish; SUBJECT UNTO THEM, the model for all children; STATURE, age; AND MAN, true piety attracts and holds the love and esteem of others.

OUR SAVIOUR,
ONCE A CHILD,
OBEDIENT,
OUR EXAMPLE,

POINTS TO NOTICE.—Wherein does this lesson teach: (1.) That our Father's business should be our business? (2.) That religion does not interfere with home duties? (3.) That true piety is approved of God and man?

LESSON VII.

FEB. 13.] [A.D. 26.

THE PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Luke 3: 7-18.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 15-18.

7. Then said he to the multitude that came forth to be baptized of him, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

8. Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, That God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.

9. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

10. And the people asked him, saying, What shall we do then?

11. He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.

12. Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto him, Master, what shall we do?

13. And he said unto them, Exact no more than that which is appointed you.

14. And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages.

15. And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ, or not:

16. John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire:

17. Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable.

18. And many other things in his exhortation preached he unto the people.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance.—Luke 3: 8.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We must forsake sin, if we would receive Christ.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—"For nearly 18 years after the Passover visit to Jerusalem, a deep obscurity rests over the life of Jesus. The quiet valley and hills of Nazareth saw him gradually ripen into youth and manhood—as son, brother, citizen, neighbor, friend—like others. He must have looked out on the world of men from the calm retreat of those years as he, doubtless, often did on the matchless landscape from the hill above the village. Year after year passed, and still found him at his daily toil, because his hour was not yet come. In gentle patience; in transparent blamelessness of life; in natural and ever active goodness; in tender love and ready favor to all around; loved, honored, but half veiled in the mysterious light of perfect manhood and kindling divinity, 30 years passed quietly away."—Geikie.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—What event in the life of Jesus does the last lesson record? How old was Jesus? Occasion of visit? What caused his parents to return? Among whom did they seek him? Where found? What doing? His reply to Mary? His home where? His character?

NOTES.—VIPERS, venomous serpents, emblems of deceit and destruction. PUBLICANS, collectors of the Roman revenue; Cicero styled the office as "the basest of all livelihoods," and they were looked upon as the "wolves and bears of human society." The Jews viewed them with supreme contempt. SOLDIERS, connected with the Roman legions. JOHN the Baptist, son of Zacharias and Elisabeth, baptized Jesus in Jordan, imprisoned by Herod, who being influenced by Herodias beheaded him. HEROD, son of Herod the Great, "weak, tyrannical, unscrupulous, capricious, sensual, superstitious." HERODIAS, left her husband Philip, tetrarch of Iturræa, to be the wife of his brother Herod,

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) JOHN AND THE MULTITUDE. (II.) JOHN AND HIS ENQUIRERS. (III.) JOHN AND CHRIST.

I. JOHN AND THE MULTITUDE.—(7-9.) MULTITUDE, see Matt. 3: 5; VIPERS, referring to Pharisees and Sadducees, Matt. 3: 7; FRUITS, Acts 26: 20, see v. 11; WORTHY, meet; REPENTANCE, literally, a turning about; THESE STONES, of the wilderness around him; THE ROOT, expressive of utter destruction; TREE—HEWN DOWN, impenitent individual typified and punished.

II. JOHN AND HIS ENQUIRERS.—(10-14.) TWO COATS, teaching unselfishness; LET HIM, divide with needy; PUBLICANS, see "notes"; EXACT NO MORE, a rebuke of their unscrupulous extortion; IS APPOINTED, fixed rates were established; SOLDIERS, doubtless a portion of Herod's army.

III. JOHN AND CHRIST.—(15-18.) EXPECTATION, suspense; CHRIST OR NOT, a query which John soon answered; WITH HOLY GHOST, produces renewal; WITH FIRE, see Acts 2: 3, 4; FAN, winnowing shovel; PURGE, cleanse; GARNER, subterranean storehouse; CHAFF-BURN, see Matt. 13: 30 and 40-43; FIRE UNQUENCHABLE, points to a terrible hereafter for the impenitent.

POINTS TO NOTICE.—What words in this lesson teach: (1.) That to be great is to be humble? (2.) That the good and bad mingle together here? (3.) That a separation will surely be made?

DO IT NOW.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing,
Do not say, "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

THE FATAL DOOR.

The Chevalier, Gerard De Kampis, was a very rich and a very proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle, he wished to have a house-warming, and, accordingly, all his great neighbors were invited to a great feast. At the conclusion of a sumptuous repast, his guests made speech after speech, in which the host was lauded to the skies, and told that he was the most fortunate man alive. As the Chevalier loved flattery, we can imagine how proud and delighted he was.

One among the guests, however, said nothing for a time. When each man had made his speech, he uttered the following singular observation upon the happiness of the host:—

"Sir Knight, in order that your felicity should be complete, you require but one thing; but this is a very important item."

"And what thing is that?" demanded the Knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be walled up," replied his guest.

At this strange rejoinder, several of the guests began to laugh, and Gerard himself looked as much as to say, "This man has gone mad." Wishing, however, to have the clue to this enigma, he continued—

"But which door do you mean?"

"I mean that through which you will one day be carried to your grave," replied the other.

The words struck both guests and host, and made the latter reflect most seriously. The proud man remembered the vanity of all earthly things, and from henceforth he no longer thought only of the perishable treasures he had once gloried in. He was completely altered, and made good use of his riches.—*Selected.*

IS CHRIST YOUR SAVIOUR?

The question of prime importance to you is not, Are you a Christian? but, Is Jesus Christ your Saviour? These two questions may seem to aim at the same point; but they involve very different processes of mind in their answering; and herein consists the superiority of the latter form over the former. Your hope of salvation must rest not on what you are, but on what your Saviour is and does. If you look at yourself to find a ground of hope, you will never be satisfied—unless you are deceived. But if you look at Jesus, you can see reason enough for hope. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—not Christians, but sinners. If you are a sinner, you may be sure that you are one of the very class Jesus Christ came to save. If as a sinner you trust yourself to Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners, he will not fail you: you may be sure of eternal safety. The question, Am I a Christian? has troubled many an anxious mind for weary years; and the more the enquirer has pondered it, the less hope there has seemed of its settling. But there need be no such trouble in settling the question, Is Jesus Christ my Saviour? Whom did Jesus Christ come to save? Are you one of that class? Do you want him to save you? Is he able to do so? Is he willing? Do you trust yourself to him? These are the questions for you. The more you look away from yourself, and the more you fix your gaze on Jesus, the firmer your ground of hope will be. There is a great deal of time wickedly wasted on self-examination that might be profitably given to the contemplation of the Saviour.—*S. S. Times.*

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.